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THE GRAND DUCHESS OF NEWYORK-STEIN.

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS, BY H. L. BATEMAN, ESQ.

The celebrated tragedienne, Mad'lle Tostée, supported by the modern Talma, M. Duchesne (whom we long to see as Hamlet), by M. Leduc (whose massive physique, ponderous voice and martial demeanor eminently fit him for the part of Macbeth), and by M. Legriffoul (whose Romeo would be a sight to see), again introduced, on Monday last, to a full house, M. Bateman's *chef d'œuvre*, "The Grand Duchess of Newyorkstein," M. Guffroi (a model Claude Melnotte) also reappearing as the heroic Fritz. With the general plot of the tragedy, its intense passion, its thrilling situations, its absorbing melancholy, its overpowering pathos, its electrifying syntax, and its overwhelming prosody, our readers are already acquainted. We have but to record the manner of all these matters. Mlle. Tostée gave the inspiring address to her troops like another Queen Elizabeth, at another Tilbury. We were not at all surprised to witness the military ardor gleaming—at so much per week—from the various colored eyes of her devoted army. M. Duchesne as the General, M. Guffroi, with all his blushing honors thick and fast upon him, impressed all present profoundly with their majestic by-play at this juncture, and the curtain descended for the purpose of rising again immediately after for the second act. Our pen fails us to describe worthily the heart-rending interview between the Duchess and her devoted Fritz, who, loving her with all the mad and chivalric idolatry of a Provencal Tronbadour, doth yet, with noble and unselfish agony, conceal, deny, repress and trample on his boundless affection for his enchanting sovereign, while she, oh, cruel fate! is inexorably condemned—for reasons of state—to declare her irrepressible love for him. These conflicting feelings, this torture of misunderstanding, constitute one of the finest scenes in all tragic literature, and in its evolvment M. Bateman has been so successful as to cause the keenest pangs of envy to Victor Hugo and other smaller dramatists; though why so many of the audience laugh so consumedly is beyond our comprehension. The conspiracy scene was wonderfully done: the settled design of the three plotters to slay the gallant Fritz, their saturnine looks, their ferocious exultation, their mysterious shibboleth, their gloomily fantastic war-dance, the dread purpose so appallingly manifest in the sepulchrally wild and mournful trio of extermination they sing—all were portrayed with a rare tragic power, and we sympathetically shuddered for the gallant and aforesaid Fritz, although this scene also, we are sorry to record, was marred by peals of inextinguishable laughter.

We pass lightly over the interrupted wedding, merely remarking that Wanda delivered her marriage lines with unusual effect. In the last scene of the tragedy the Duchess, torn from the arms of Fritz, whom she does not love, from the arms of the Baron Grog, whom she thought she lov'd, and consigned to the arms of Prince Paul, whom she says she'll endeavor to love, gaily proposes to sing the Legend of the Goblet, does so, and drains the goblet, thrills the spectators to the doors and to the corridors! for the beverage she quaffs in the guise of

wine is—Ha! ha! poison! and thus, thus does she free herself from the thralldom of Prince Paul and his Holland Gazette. Fritz immediately cleaves Baron Puck to the chin, General Boum stabs Prince Paul to the heart, then he and Wanda dually commit twicoid with Baron Puck's umbrella, and Fritz, with his back hair down and his beard "a sable silver," remains a raving maniac amid the overjoyed soldiery! Curtain!

NOTE.—The above is by a new critic, strongly recommended to us. The gentleman, not understanding French, evidently mistook the violent gesticulations of the comedians for powerful tragic demonstrations. We need hardly say the gentleman will not suit us. His style is flagrantly preposterous, and he does not seem to understand a joke.—*Ed. Watson's Art Journal.*

NORMA IN THE EIGHTH AVENUE.

Harnessing our literary and editorial bays, we sumptuously drove down, on Monday evening last, to Pike, Harrison & Maretzek's Opera House, and a path to the door having been delved out through the superincumbent and utterly aggravating snow, we ensconced ourselves in our special orchestra chair, just in time to witness the entrance of that redoubtable Gallic warrior and unscrupulous gay deceiver, Pollio Pancani, who, forgetful of the wise saying, "'Tis best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," immediately broke off into vocal celebration of the charms of his new *inamorata*, Adalgisa, and boldly declared his resolution of overthrowing the "impious altar" of the Druid Priestess Norma! of course—ingenuous young man—never supposing or hoping for a moment that Norma herself would be buried in its ruins! Well, as opera-goers are aware, he reckoned without his hostess, and very properly shared her stake with her!

Norma, we imagine, is Madame Rosa's pet character. It is, in our estimation, certainly her best, for her stature and commanding appearance eminently fit her for the part personally, and her perfect control of her voice, her *maestria* in her art, her vibrant, rich and penetrating notes, enable her vocally to realize the composer's intentions in this extremely arduous impersonation, this lyric *capo d'opera*. Her rendering of *Casta Diva*, with its brilliant *cabaletta*, was literally a vocal triumph. It was sympathetic, brilliant and refined, and exhibited that delicious volubility which gives to Parepa's singing the feeling of irrepressible spontaneousness. In the wildly impassioned portions of the character, a higher degree of dramatic fervor might be asked for, but her irreproachable vocalism almost disarms criticism, compelling admiration in its stead.

As to Signor Pancani—the tassel on our critical cap twitches nervously, but

"*Fiat justitia ruat Pikum*,"

and Pancani fulfills neither of the three conditions enumerated by Lablache as necessary to constitute a singer—1stly, voice; 2dly, voice, and 3dly, voice! All but these three Signor Pancani possesses; he phrases well, colors well, is dramatically good, is satisfactory in every way; but his voice is toneless and hollow, and beyond F on the top line loses all pretension to sonority. His *tour de weakness* in the famous ascending passage of the grand trio—declaimed with true tragic vehemence and power by Madame Rosa—was painfully apparent. Madame

Testa as Adalgisa won our heartiest commendation, and was warmly applauded by the audience, though no oblation offered on our shrine, no penance she could perform, would induce us to pardon her distressing and constant *tremolo*! Were we forty times a Gaul, never could we say to the owner of such an instrument of torture, "*Vieni in Roma, Vieni o cara!*"

Antonucci is one of the noblest *bassi cantanti* on our list of notable artists, and nobly did he bear himself and sing on Monday night. When we say that Maretzek commanded the choral and instrumental forces and conducted the opera, we have chronicled all that need be said on that point. The house was full, the singers and audience happy, Maretzek beaming, Pike prominent and pervasive with a glittering breastplate of diamonds, and swathed in the wavy folds of a lustrous and ebon moustache, the new Operatic and everything else Manager, Lafayette Harrison, smiling, satisfied and triumphant, and the Eighth avenue glorified with scores of unaccustomed carriages.

THE LIEDERKRANZ FANCY DRESS BALL.—One of the most brilliant events of the season, the Liederkranz Ball, took place at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, the 20th inst. It is almost superfluous to say that the Academy was thronged, for the wide-spread popularity of this powerful Society renders that a foregone conclusion. It was thronged by the highest and best of all classes of New York society. It was not the wealthy German element alone that was represented, for American and other nationalities contributed beauty and talent as willing and admiring votaries to the court of Prince Carnival. We have rarely seen a more brilliantly dressed assemblage, and we certainly never saw a happier or a lighter-hearted throng. The famous procession was, as usual, the great point of attraction, but it was hardly as spirited or as overwhelming as in former years. Still it contained many marked and curious features and inaugurated the spirit of fun and good humor which prevailed during the whole evening. After the grand procession, the visitors were dispersed more equally through the Academy, and fair space was left on the floor for those who were inclined for Terpsichorean exercise, and it was a brilliant sight to see hundreds of couples weaving and interweaving along the whole length of the magnificent ball room, which the area of the auditorium and stage of the Academy of Music presents. The company was elegant and spirited; the music dance-provoking and enjoyable; the Committee courteous, cordial and boundless in their hospitality, and the whole affair was in all its details a perfect success.

One of the features of the occasion was the appearance of several little journals evidently got up for the occasion, containing humorous and sarcastic hits, with illustrations, upon local and national subjects. We quote one which seems to squint a little towards the great piano war of 1867. It is possible that our readers will penetrate the mystery of the names, so carefully and thinly disguised:

PEGASUS AND PIANOS.

That "Music hath charms" the PIANO men know,

As the Emeralds they fob signed by Spinner & Chase,

And while joyously chorusing *ré-mi-fa-dô*,
Do all sorts of things to be first in the
race;
Thus: HEADWAY and CHEEK on the great
Paris Course,
Each their Pegasus spurred with a rowel
of gold,
And ruthlessly "jockied" STICK out of his
place—
His young nag was "doctored," and
otherwise "sold."
Well: HEAD got a Medal, CHEEK *ditto* and
Cross;
Each belittles his rival, as all of you've
read;
Newspaper folks gain—others don't care a
toss
Whether HEAD has got CHEEK, or CHEEK's
got a-head.
But, to keep up the metaphor-Turfite re-
frain,
Connected with Agraffes and Pedals and
Shakes,
Though CHEEKY and HEADWAY the "Derby"
did gain,
Sharp STICK will carry the "POPULAR
STAKES."

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

The Harlem Musical Association gave its
monthly Dress Rehearsal on Monday evening
last. The performance of the Choral selec-
tions evidenced a marked improvement, and
would bear comparison with more pretentious
societies. The Association is composed of
the elite of Harlem society; the singers dis-
play intelligence, and their voices are fresh
and excellent, counting among them some
good solo voices. The organization is based
purely upon a love of music *per se*, with no
ambitious aim for public honors, and its
example cannot fail to benefit the cause of
Music in that far uptown locality, Harlem.
The Conductor, Mr. James E. Perring, is
able and efficient in his department.

The New York Philharmonic Society will
give its Fourth Concert on Saturday eve-
ning next, March 7th, at the Academy of
Music, when the glorious works of Mozart
and Mendelssohn will be interpreted by one
of the grandest orchestras in the world,
under the direction of Mr. Carl Bergmann.
We hope to see as crowded and overflowing
an audience as was present at the last per-
formance, and we may expect it, as the pro-
gramme is fully as attractive as the one on
that occasion.

The last Rehearsal previous to the Con-
cert will take place at the Academy of
Music on Friday, March 6th, at half-past
two o'clock in the afternoon.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Rossini's "Guillaume Tell" is announced
at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the five hun-
dredth performance.

Gounod, who travelled to Vienna pur-
posely to produce his *Faust*, will, it is feared,
have to return without accomplishing his
project; "Ilma de Murska," the *Protagonista*,
being so seriously ill as to preclude all idea
of her playing at present. The Direction
Orchestra and Chorus of the Viennese opera
had prepared a magnificent first night recep-
tion for Gounod, and we trust, for the honor
of Art, that the fair "Ilma" will recover
her health in time to prevent the general dis-
appointment.

The famous Stockhausen is singing with
immense effect at the *Gewandhaus* Concerts,
at Leipsic.

At a concert recently given at the Carignan
Theatre, Turin, the overture to *Guillaume
Tell* was gorgeously and bewilderingly beaten
out of ten pianos and four harmoniums—
followed up by a forty-handed piano selection
from *Joan of Arc*! A glass of iced water, if
you please!

The musical journal of Milan, "*Il Trova-
tore*," offers a reward to whomsoever can
discover the reason why the censorship of
Rome changed the title of the ballet "*Devà-
dacy*, to that of *Sita*. Will any of our readers
compete?

We hear from Genoa that the first repre-
sentation of "*Mignon*" was most successful.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

IRISH MINSTRELSY.

Among the ancient Irish Minstrelsy are
scattered some sweet poetic fragments, many
of which are untranslated. I am sure the
following versions of one of these little songs
(claiming fidelity as their only merit) will not
be unacceptable to your readers.

On a bright summer's morn, by the side of
the King's river, I beheld a stately brown-
haired maid; sweeter was her voice than the
music of the fairy host; fairer was her cheek
than the foam of waves. Her slender waist
like the chalky cliff; her small, light, active
foot gliding with joy over the grassy meads
of the desert. I said to her mildly—

"Oh, fair one of the valley! unless you come with me
my health will depart."

At the birth of this lovely maid, there came
a harmonious bee with a shower of sweet
honey on her berry lips. I kissed the fra-
grant, fair, loving maid; it was pleasant I
vow—but listen to my tale. A sting went
from her burning lips like a dart through
my heart, which left me without power
(mournful to relate!) Is it not wonderful
that I live with an arrow through my heart,
and hundreds before me killed by her love?

HEART-BEATINGS.

BY JOHN T. DOYLE.

How strange it is to listen
To the beatings of the heart!

As it sounds,
How its bounds
Make the distant pulses start!
How its ruddy currents whistle
Through the vessels as they flow,
And each thud
Forces blood

Through the body to and fro!
And then mark how well its rhythm
Gives an answer to each thought,
As if soul

Had control,
And gave back the news we sought.
Fancies rise, and rising with them
Comes each trial and result,

Both in one,
Bubbling on,
Driven by life's catapult.
I am thinking of the world,
And each blood-jet seems to say,
"Selfish man,
If you can,
Drive such mundane thoughts away!"

Upwards now my mind is hurl'd
Through the ether of the sky,
But each vein
Cries again,

"Whither, bold man, would you fly?
Is there no place on this earth here
Thou couldst make a paradise?
Or wouldst best
Like to rest

In that land beyond the skies?
Are there no joys that have birth here
Worth ambition's boldest flight;
Canst not get
Some red jet

With thy life's stream to unite?
Can you find no genial bosom
Where a heart like thine there be,
Which pressed home
To thine own

Would beat loud in sympathy?
Choose them now, or else refuse them;
Cull and pick them while you may!
Come, be quick,
Haste and pick,

Life at best is but a day!"

Thus it goes for ever babbling
Like some ceaseless gushing brook,
Changing hues,
As it goes

Eddying through each wondrous nook.
Thus it goes for ever dabbling
Every particle with blood,

While its tide
Runs in pride,
A vast life-imparting flood.

MORITZ HAUPTMANN.

The world of music has just suffered a
great, nay, in some respects, an irreparable
loss. Moritz Hauptmann, Cantor at the
Thomasschule, Leipsic, died on the 4th of
January. His father, chief Government
Architect, wished at first to bring the boy
up to his own profession, and caused him to
study architecture and mathematics con-
jointly with the usual subjects of a liberal
education. He encouraged, however, the
boy's musical talent so far as to have him
taught something of the violin and thorough-
bass. Until the age of eighteen, Moritz
Hauptmann was, therefore, intended for an
architect, but, moved by his invincible love
for music, the father then allowed him to
follow his own bent, and sent him to Spohr,
then *Concertmeister* at Gotha. Moritz re-
sided there a year, during which the mutual
relation of master and pupil grew into a life-
long friendship. In 1813, Hauptmann was
engaged as violinist in the Royal Chapel,
Dresden, but only ten months subsequently
he proceeded to Vienna, where Spohr was
acting as *Capellmeister*, and remained there
nearly six months. In 1815, he accepted a
situation in the family of Prince Repnin,
hoping that he should accompany the latter
to Italy; but Fate ruled otherwise. The
Prince, having been appointed to some high
post, remained in Russia, and to this fact the
world is indebted for one of the most im-
portant scientific works ever written. In
Southern Russia, at that period (1815—20),
far removed from artistic life, reminiscences
of his scientific studies were awakened in
the mind of the young music-master; he
plunged, so to speak, into mathematical in-
vestigations, and there can be no doubt that
many sketches, which were afterwards turned
to account and included in *Harmonik und
Metrik*, date from this time. The same is
true of many of his compositions, though not